

# Moran of the Lady Letty

By  
**FRANK NORRIS.**

Author of "The Octopus," "The Pit," etc.

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## CHAPTER I.

THIS is to be a story of a battle, at least one murder and several sudden deaths. For that reason it begins with a pink tea and among the mingled odors of many delicate perfumes and the hale, frank smell of Caroline Teston roses.

There had been a great number of debutantes "coming out" that season in San Francisco by means of afternoon teas, pink lavender and otherwise. This particular tea was well intended to celebrate the fact that Josie Herrick had arrived at that time of her life when she was to wear her hair high and her gowns long and to have a "day" of her own quite distinct from that of her mother.

Ross Wilbur presented himself at the Herrick house on Pacific avenue rather too early upon the afternoon of Miss Herrick's tea. As he made his way up the canvassed stairs he was aware of a terrifying array of millinery and a disgusting staccato chatter of feminine voices in the parlors and reception rooms on either side of the hallway. A single high hat in the room that had been set apart for the men's use confirmed him in his suspicions.

"Might have known it would be a tea party till I saw this," he muttered, swinging out of his overcoat. "But I don't know one girl in twenty down there now—all mamma's friends at this hour, and papa's maiden sisters, and Josie's schoolteachers and governesses and music teachers, and I don't know what all."

When he went down he found it precisely as he expected. He went up to Miss Herrick, where she stood receiving with her mother and two of the other girls, and allowed them to chaff him on his tardiness.

"Maybe I seem at my ease," said Ross Wilbur to them, "but really I am very much frightened. I'm going to run away as soon as it is decently possible, even before, unless you feed me."

"I believe you had luncheon not two hours ago," said Miss Herrick. "Come along, though, and I'll give you some chocolate and perhaps, if you're good, a stuffed olive. I got them just because I knew you liked them. I fought to stay here and receive, so I can't look after you for long."

"The two fought their way through the crowded rooms to the luncheon table, and Miss Herrick got Wilbur his chocolate and his stuffed olives. They sat down and talked in a window recess for a moment, Wilbur being in an absurd fashion as he tried to make a lap for his plate."

"I thought," said Miss Herrick, "that you were going on the Ridgeway's yachting party this afternoon. Mrs. Ridgeway said she was counting on you. They were going out with the Petrel."

"She didn't count above a hundred, though," answered Wilbur. "I got your bid first, so I regretted the yachting party, and I guess I'll have regretted it anyhow." And he grinned at her over his cup.

"Nice man," she said, adding on the instant, "I must go now, Ross." "Wait till I eat the sugar out of my cup," complained Wilbur. "Tell me," he added, scraping vigorously at the bottom of the cup with the inadequate spoon—"tell me—you're going to the hoodown tonight?"

"If you mean the assembly—yes, I am." "Will you give me the first and last?" "I'll give you the first, and you can ask for the last then." "Let's put it down. I know you'll forget it." Wilbur drew a couple of cards from his case.

"Programmes are not good form any more," said Miss Herrick. "Forgetting a dance is worse." He made out the cards, writing on the one he kept for himself, "First waltz—Jo."

"I must go back now," said Miss Herrick, getting up. "In that case I shall run. I'm afraid of girls."

"It's a pity about you." "I am. One girl, I don't say, but girl in the aggregate, like this," and he pointed his chin toward the thronged parlors. "It unnerves me."

"Goodbye, then." "Goodbye until tonight about—"

"About 9."

"About 9, then." Ross Wilbur made his adieu to Mrs. Herrick and the girls who were receiving and took himself away. As he came out of the house and stood for a moment on the steps, settling his hat gingerly upon his hair so as not to disturb the parting, he was not by any means an ill-looking chap. His good height was helped out by his long coat and his high silk hat, and there was plenty of jaw in the lower part of his face. Nor was his tailor altogether answerable for his shoulders. Three years before this time Ross Wilbur had pulled at No. 5 in his varsity boat in an eastern college that was not accustomed to athletic disfigurement.

"I wonder what I'm going to do with myself until supper time," he muttered as he came down the steps, feeling for the middle of his stick. He found no immediate answer to his question. But the afternoon was fine, and he set off to walk in the direction of the town, with a half formed idea of looking in at his club.

At his club he found a letter in his box from his particular chum, who had been spending a month shooting elk in Oregon. It read:

Dear Old Man—Will be back on the afternoon you receive this. Will hit the town on the 3 o'clock boat. Get ready for the best show going—my treat—and arrange to accommodate me at the Hotel de Ville. I've got a lot of talk in me that I've got to get off before midnight. Yours,  
JERRY.

"Well, I can't go," murmured Wilbur as he remembered the assembly that was to come off that night and his engaged dance with Jo Herrick. He decided that it would be best to meet Jerry as he came off the boat and tell him how matters stood. Then he resolved, since no one that he knew was in the club and the installment of the Paris waltzes had not arrived, that it would be amusing to go down to the water front and loaf among the shipping until it was time for Jerry's boat.

Wilbur spent an hour along the wharves, watching the great grain ships consigned to "Cork for orders" slowly joggling themselves with whole harvests of wheat from the San Joaquin valley; lumber vessels for Durban and South African ports settling lower and lower to the water's level as forests of pine and redwood straggled themselves along their decks and in their holds; coal barges discharging from Nantux; busy little tugs coughing and buzzing at the banks of deep sea tramps, while big barges and Italian white-hulls came and went at every turn. A Stockton river boat went by, her stern wheel churning along behind like a huge net reel; a tiny mailstrom of activity centered about an Alaska commercial company's steamer that would clear for Dawson in the morning.

No quarter of one of the most picturesque cities in the world had more interest for Wilbur than the water front. In the middle or so of shipping that stretched from the docks where the China steamships landed down past the ferry slips and on to Meigs' wharf every maritime nation in the world was represented. More than once Wilbur had talked to the loungers of the wharves, stered out of work, sailors between voyages, caulkers and ship chandlers' men looking—not too earnestly—for jobs, so that on this occasion when a little, undersized fellow in a dirty brown sweater and clothes of Barbary coast cut asked him for a match to light his pipe Wilbur offered a cigar and passed the time of day with him. Wilbur had not forgotten that he himself was dressed for an afternoon function. But the incongruity of the business was precisely what amused him.

After a time the fellow suggested drinks. Wilbur hesitated for a moment. It would be something to tell about, however, so, "All right, I'll drink with you," he said.

The brown sweater led the way to a sailors' boarding house hard by. The rear of the place was built upon piles over the water, but in front on the ground floor was a barroom. "Run an' gum," announced the brown sweater as the two came in and took their places at the bar. "Run an' gum, Tuck. Wattle you have, sir?" "Oh, I don't know," hesitated Wilbur. "Give me a mild Manhattan." While the drinks were being mixed the brown sweater noticed Wilbur's attention to a fighting headress from the Marquesas that was hung on the wall over the free lunch counter and opposite the bar. Wilbur turned about to look at it and remained so, his back to the barkeeper, till the latter told them their drinks were ready.

"Well, mate, here's big blocks an' faint harae pipes," said the brown sweater cordially.

"Your very good health," returned Wilbur.

The brown sweater wiped a thin mustache in the hollow of his palm and wiped that palm upon his trousers leg.

"Yes, sir," he continued, once more facing the Marquesas headress. "Yes, sir; they're queer game down there." "In the Marquesas islands, you mean?" said Wilbur.

"Yes, sir, they're queer game. When they ain't tattooin' themselves with Scripture tex's they git from the missionaries, they're pullin' out the hairs all over their bodies with two clam shells. Hair by hair, you understand."

"Pullin' out 'er hair?" said Wilbur, wondering what was the matter with

his tongue.

"They think it's clever—think the women folk like it." Wilbur had fancied that the little man had worn a brown sweater when they first met. But now, strangely enough, he was not in the least surprised to see it iridescent, like a pigeon's breast.

"I've ever been down that way?" inquired the little man next.

Wilbur heard the words distinctly enough, but somehow they refused to fit into the right places in his brain. He pulled himself together, frowning heavily.

"What—did—you—say?" he asked with great deliberation, biting off his words. Then he noticed that he and his companion were no longer in the barroom, but in a little room back of it. His personality divided itself. There was one Ross Wilbur, who could not make his hands go where he wanted them, who said one word when he thought another and whose legs below the knee were made of solid lead; then there was another Ross Wilbur—Ross Wilbur the alert, who was perfectly clear headed and who stood off to one side and watched his twin brother making a monkey of himself, without power and without even the desire of helping him.

This latter Wilbur heard the iridescent sweater say:

"Bust me, if I ain't squiffy, old man. Stand by a bit, an' we'll have a belt."

"Can't have got—return—exceptionally—and the round table—pull out hairs w' to clamb's!" gabbled Wilbur's stunted double, and Wilbur the alert said to himself: "You're not drunk, Ross Wilbur; that's certain. What could they have put in your cocktail?"

The iridescent sweater stamped twice upon the floor, and a trapdoor fell away beneath Wilbur's feet like the drop of a gallows. With the eyes of his undrugged self Wilbur had a glimpse of water below. His elbow struck the floor as he went down, and he fell feet first into a whitehall boat. He had time to observe two men at the oars and to look between the piles that supported the house above him and catch a glimpse of the bay and a glint of the Contra Costa shore. He was not in the least surprised at what had happened and made up his mind that it would be a good idea to lie down in the boat and go to sleep.

Suddenly, but long after his advent into the boat he could not tell, his wits began to return and settle themselves like wild birds flocking again after a scare. Swiftly he took in the scene.

The blue waters of the bay around him, the deck of a schooner on which he stood, the whitehall boat alongside and an enormous man with a face like a setting moon wrangling with his friend in the sweater, no longer iridescent.

"What do you call it?" shouted the red man. "I want able seamen. I don't figger on working this boat with dancing masters, do I? We ain't exactly doing quadrilles on my quarter deck. If we don't look out we'll step on this thing and break it. It ain't ought to be let around loose without his na."

"Not that!" vociferated the brown sweater. "I tell you he's one of the best sailor men on the front. If he ain't, we'll forfeit the money. Come on, Captain Kitchell; we made show enough, didn't we? As it was, and this dayline business ain't our line. D'you sign or not? Here's the advance note. I got to duck my nut or I'll have the patrol boat after me."

"I'll sign this once," growled the other, scrawling his name on the note. "But if this swab ain't up to sample he'll come back by freight, an' I'll drop in on me dear friend Jim when we come back and give him a real nice time, an' you can lay by that, Billy Trim." The brown sweater pocketed the note, went over the side and rowed off.

(To be continued.)

**VERY CREWSOME FIND**

Boys Playing at Uptown Pool of Water Discover Possible Evidence of Crime.

The crewsome evidences of what may yet lead to the uncovering of a crime were brought to light yesterday noon in the pool of water in the low ground bounded by Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Poplar and Sycamore streets.

Some boys playing at the edge of the water discovered floating upon the surface a blood stained half of a counterpane and a pair of knit cotton female underwear. The police were immediately notified of the discovery. Notwithstanding the proximity of the find was dragged all afternoon with tines, nothing further was brought to the surface of the water.

A large morbid crowd watched the dragging operations the whole afternoon and many were the conjectures made as to solution of the mystery.

**Cured Consumption.**

Mrs. B. W. Evans, Charwater, Kan., writes: "My husband lay sick for three months. The doctors said he had quick consumption. We procured a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup and it cured him. That was six years ago, and since then we have always kept a bottle in the house. We cannot do without it. For coughs and colds it has no equal. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Schuh Drug Co.

**Investments in Railroads.**

The capital of the railroads is more than twelve times as great as that of all the banks.

S. W. Smith, Philadelphia—"My rheumatism has disappeared entirely since taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Two packages made me a well man." 35 cents, tea or tablet form. Paul G. Schuh & Sons.

**A FACT PROVEN.**

Should Convince Even the Most Skeptical of Its Truth.

If there is the slightest doubt in the minds of any that Dandruff germs do not exist, their belief is compelled by the fact that a rabbit inoculated with the germs became bald in six weeks' time. It must be constant to any person therefore that the only prevention of baldness is the destruction of the germ—which act is successfully accomplished in one hundred per cent. of cases by the application of Newb's Herpicide.

Dandruff is caused by the same germ which causes baldness and can be prevented with the same remedy—Newb's Herpicide.

Accept no substitute. "Destroy the cause you remove the effect." Sold by leading druggists. Send the stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Paul G. Schuh & Sons, Special Agents.

**BUSINESS LOCALS.**

The Golden Eagle Clothing and Shoe House sells the kind of shoes and clothing that never fail to please. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. 601 Commercial avenue.

P. J. Purcell, general insurance writer, represents the strongest and best companies. All Baltimore fire losses have been fully paid. Phone 119.

W. R. O'Shea, 8th st., leading grocer. Culler's butter, Martin's steam bread, Kingan's meats, Heine's 57 varieties best goods on the market. Cairo's Tailoring House will make you a coat, pants and vest as cheaply as you can buy a ready made suit. Order your Easter suit. 519 Coml. av.

Lancaster & Rice will furnish you artistic wall paper designs. Spring time has come, your home, your office, your store needs new paper.

W. J. Cochran, prescription druggist, 1113 Washington ave. Watch this store grow. Read his prices on his specialties, it will benefit you.

Harry W. Schuh's drug store has the cough cure that cures the cough. A large bottle costs only 25c. It can't be beat. Try it.

Henderson's hardware store is having a wonderful sale on the electric kerosene oil burner. A perfect light used on a common kerosene lamp.

P. T. Langan wishes to call your attention to screen doors and windows. Fly time will soon be here. Don't all come at once, order now.

Muthig for high class tailoring on 8th st., is receiving new spring suits daily. Now is the time to order your 1904 spring suit.

John Lattner, bakery and confectionery, makes the lightest, whitest and most wholesome bread, delicious cakes, pies, cookies and cream puffs.

If you want anything made of wood Kelly Bros. Planning Mills will make it for you. Interior furnishing lumber a specialty, get estimates and prices.

Paul G. Schuh & Sons' Drug Store, 607 Coml. ave., will give you splendid satisfaction. It's a pleasure to trade at this store, ask a customer.

G. T. Carnes dry goods store, 701 Coml. ave. There are others but this is the store that gives you the best values for your money. Patronize it.

Botto's restaurant and bar is patronized by Cairo's leading business and professional men. Neatest, cleanest and best meals.

White Horse Inn, 816 Wash. ave. Summer garden, fine music. A big Summer garden, fine music, big lunch day, and night, special brew on tap. Come, be refreshed, Joe Harvey.

Valentine Resch, the grocer, will fill your orders for butter, eggs, fish, poultry and game. Sound fruits and vegetables. 215-217 5th st. Phone 83.

Pett's Racket Store makes prices on the useful articles that is creating an immense trade. Follow the crowds to 2021 Wash. ave.

John A. Miller, jeweler, has a complete line of diamonds, watches, clocks, rings, brooches, chains, studs, charms and cut glass. Lowest prices.

The Cairo Fish and Game Co. will furnish you with the choicest fish and game. They are the people's choice. 6th st.

Peter Zimmerman, the Washington street grocer, is having a fine trade. Good fresh groceries and full weights pleases the people, order from him.

**Colds Cause Pneumonia.**

One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenne, of Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 145 to 92 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthening my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength." Sold by Metzger's drug store.

**UNANIMOUSLY VOTED DOWN.**

By Associated Press.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 19.—Representative Head's resolution expressing sympathy for Russia in the present war with Japan, was voted down almost unanimously by the Iowa house today.

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.**

\$3.00 St. Louis and return via Illinois Central railroad. Tickets will be sold March 24th, for trains leaving Cairo 5:30 and 11:42 a. m. Good returning to and including March 28th.

**The Name Witch Hazel.**

The name Witch Hazel is much abused. E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, are the inventors of the original and only genuine Witch Hazel Salve. A certain cure for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Eczema, Tetter, Piles, etc. There are many counterfeits of this salve, some of which are dangerous, while they are all worthless. In buying Witch Hazel Salve see that the name E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, is on the box and a cure is certain. Sold by Metzger's drug store.

One trouble in helping a man to get on his feet is that he may try to jump over your head.

You need a tonic, tissue builder, strength producer, flesh creator, this spring? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will revitalize your entire system. 35 cents, tea or tablets. Paul G. Schuh & Sons.

The woman who thinks she has loved many men learns in the end that she has loved none at all.

**Invaluable for Rheumatism.**

I have been suffering for the last few years with a severe attack of rheumatism and found that Ballard's Snow Liniment was the only thing that gave me satisfaction and tended to alleviate my pains. March 24, 1902, John C. Degan, Kinsman, Ills. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Schuh Drug Co.

The woman who takes up the burden of another's life is happier than she who silently carries her own.

**The Best Cough Syrup.**

S. L. Apple, ex-Probate Judge, Ottawa Co., Kansas, writes: This is to say that I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup for years, and that I do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cough syrup I have ever used."

Schuh Drug Co.

Even in fair weather the King wears his rosin coat.

**Happy, Healthy Children.**

Any child can take Little Early Risers with perfect safety. They are harmless, never gripe or sicken, and yet they are so certain in results that robust constitutions requiring drastic means are never disappointed. They cannot fail to perform their mission and every one who uses DeWitt's Little Early Risers prefer them to all other pills. They cure biliousness. Sold by Metzger's drug store.

He who waits for dead men's shoes will not be troubled with corns.

Do you need more blood, more flesh, more strength this spring? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will bring them all. If it fails your money back. 35 cents. Tea or tablet form. Paul G. Schuh & Sons.

Opportunity is the knob on the door of success; and many a poor devil

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.**

\$3.00 St. Louis and return via Illinois Central railroad. Tickets will be sold March 24th, for trains leaving Cairo 5:30 and 11:42 a. m. Good returning to and including March 28th.

Teacher—Johnny, what part of the speech is the word man?

**Gives Health, Vigor and Tone.**

Herbine is a boon for sufferers from anemia. By its use the blood is quickly regenerated and the color becomes normal. The drooping strength is revived. The languor is diminished. Health, vigor and tone predominate. New life and happy activity results. Mrs. Belle H. Shiloh, Middleborough, Illinois, writes: "I have been troubled with liver complaint and poor blood, and have found nothing to benefit me like Herbine. I hope never to be without it. I have wished that I had known of it in my husband's lifetime." 50c.

Schuh Drug Co.

A boy may be a bad egg, but the latter cannot be whipped into shape.

**Do You Want Strength?**

If you want to increase your strength you must add to and not take from the physical. In other words, the food that you eat must be digested, assimilated and appropriated by the nerves, blood and tissues before being expelled from the intestines. Kofol Dyspepsia Cure adds to the physical. It gives strength to and builds up strength in the human system. It is pleasant to the taste and palatable, and the only combination of digestants that will digest the food and enable the system to appropriate all of its health and strength-giving qualities. Sold by Metzger's drug store.

**FOR...**

Big Muddy Lump, Washed

Nut, Clifton Lump or Nut.

Best Anthracite Coal...

SEE

**McCarthy,**

303 COMMERCIAL.

Phones: Bell 165 or O. 393.

**Piles! Piles! Piles!**

Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment is prepared to cure Piles and DOES IT in short order. Easy to apply, every box guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00. All druggists or by mail, WILLIAMS' MED. CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO. For sale by W. F. Simon, 1361 Washington avenue.

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Commercial Ave. and Eighth Street, CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

CAPITAL \$100,000.00

SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$50,000.00

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Accounts of corporations and individuals especially solicited. Exchange furnished in any part of the world.

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CAPITAL \$50,000

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Interest Paid on Time Deposits at rate of three per cent per annum.

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**The Big Store**

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Dealers in **EVERYTHING**

That is Good to Eat Use and Wear

# FREE!

## A \$250 Upright Piano for the Most Popular Young Lady of Cairo.

The Bulletin's contest to determine the most popular young lady in the city of Cairo, is subject to the following conditions:

Any unmarried lady, a resident of Cairo and over fourteen years of age is eligible to the contest and the one receiving the largest number of votes will receive the handsome upright piano now on display at Buchanan's Music Store, 711 Commercial avenue.

Only the coupons published daily in The Bulletin may be used as ballots, each counting as one vote. As an inducement for paid up subscribers to The Cairo Bulletin any person bringing to The Bulletin office a subscription for three months accompanied by \$1.80, newspapers containing 50 coupons will be given; for six months subscription or \$3.60, 125 newspapers will be given; for one year's subscription at the regular rate, 300 newspapers will be given. This arrangement applies to all subscribers both new and old.

Each ballot must be complete; if the border or date line at bottom of ballot is cut off the vote does not count. Each ballot must be cast not later than 7:00 o'clock of Saturday night of this week.

The vote will be announced in The Bulletin from time to time, and all ballots will be preserved at The Bulletin office, 703 Ohio Levee, for one week after publication. During that time any contestant is privileged to examine the ballots.

The contest will close at 9:00 o'clock Saturday night, March 26, 1904, and the name of the most popular young lady as determined by vote, will be published in the big Easter Number of The Bulletin. The \$250 piano will be delivered the day following the publication of the award.

## ONE VOTE

For the Most Popular Young Lady of the City of Cairo. As the recipient of The Bulletin's free piano in accordance with the terms of the Popularity Contest, I vote for